1: Turnbull E-4, 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[ARCHERS]

613 614 A number of lineages are associated into clans, but these are widely dispersed and have neither political nor economic significance. Tri-
619 bal sense, says Schebesta, is entirely foreign to the Mbuti.

361 The bands are generally found on the edges of small villages, but still in the shade of the forest, according to Schebesta. Jadin (1936) says that only some Efe archers make their camp near the villages. Schebesta (1941, 132–133) finds that the exact location of the camps depends on the food quest, and that the presence of water and shade is a major consideration.

HABITATIONS

361 342 [462] [34] The huts are built in a circle around a clearing by the womenfolk of the individual families. Saplings are cut, bent, and twisted together to form a beehive-shaped frame, which is covered with large phrynium leaves. This is the kind of hut described by most sources. Schebesta also describes tunnel-shaped huts.

FURNITURE

• 352 The furniture of an archer hut is limited to a crude bed of sticks and lianas, raised from the

[P. 167-B]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[ARCHERS]

[P.167-C]

ground on four short forked branches. More often the sticks, or simply leaves, are laid on the ground to make a bed. There may also be a wooden stool, given by or stolen from the villagers, or a rough chair made from stout saplings lashed together with vine. Meat-drying racks (Fig. 12) are built over smouldering fires to preserve meat for barter.

UTENSILS

Cooking utensils, clay pots, and heavy wooden mortars are obtained from the villagers (Fig. 4). The first-mentioned are never made by the Mbuti, but Schebesta says that many archers now make mortars for themselves. There may also be wooden plates of village origin, baskets, and basketry winnowing trays. All metal knife and ax blades (Figs. 13–14) also come from the villagers, and, like the cooking utensils, these foreign importations are said to have become indispensable to the archers.

1: Turnbull E-4.5 (1951-1956) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS] The relation of the huts to one another in the circle is dictated, as much as anything, by the friendship of the women. (Their gathering activities do not demand cooperation, but Putnam says that they help one another for company, forming work groups of two or more adult women.)

There are frequent visitors to these camps, including villagers who come to claim, trade, or buy meat from the Pygmies. If a villager chief comes, a special hut is built for him.

FURNITURE

The furnishings of a hut are similar to those described by Schebesta, and, like the archers, these net hunters keep their possessions to the minimum (Figs. 18–20). Leaves are used as furniture more frequently than either beds or stick chairs. The Pygmy will not sit on bare ground, and if a log is not available he will use a piece of bark or a leaf.

UTENSILS

Also as with the archers, utensils are largely borrowed or stolen from the villagers who make them (Fig. 21). The net hunters do not imitate their neighbors, however, to the extent of making mortars for themselves. If they possess mortars, they are extremely small, unlike the large ones described by Schebesta, which could not easily be carried from camp to camp by a

[P. 195-B]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 197-A]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS]

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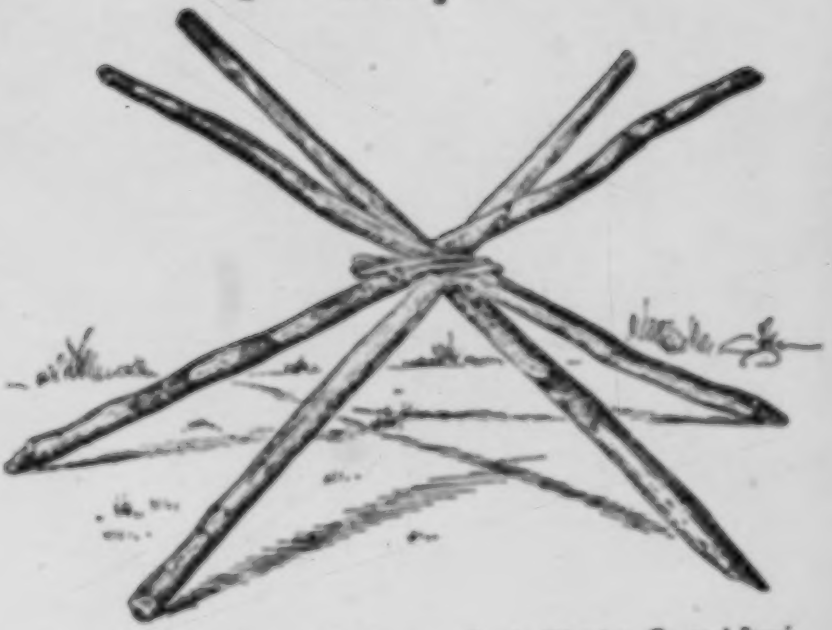

Fig. 19. Chair, *ngèanga*, net hunters, Epulu District, Central Ituri.

[P. 195-C]

[P.196-A]

FIG. 20. Household furniture, net hunters, Epulu District, Central Ituri. a–b. Benches, *mbakati*. Such forked branches are used for reclining as well as sitting, possibly in imitation of the large versions used in nearby villages.

PLATE 30 $\frac{1}{A}$

Hut Building, Epulu District, Central Ituri

462 a. Hut building is one of the few activities reserved exclusively for women, who also have
593 the right to tear the hut down as a sign of conjugal distress. Here a woman is slitting the
342 stalks of the phrynium leaves that will form the roof, being hung like tiles.
824 b. Hut building. The frame is made of young saplings, collected by men and women,
but erected by the women in a matter of minutes. The leaf "tiles" are usually hung by
462 starting at the top and working downward. The entrance to the hut is changed, often
342 several times, as the camp grows, reflecting relationships between neighbors. At lower right
824 is an Mbuti stick seat.
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• 352 $\frac{1}{A}$ /Plate 30 appears on page 293--Analyst/

[P292]

I: Turnbull E-4.5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

In Turnbull R-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1955 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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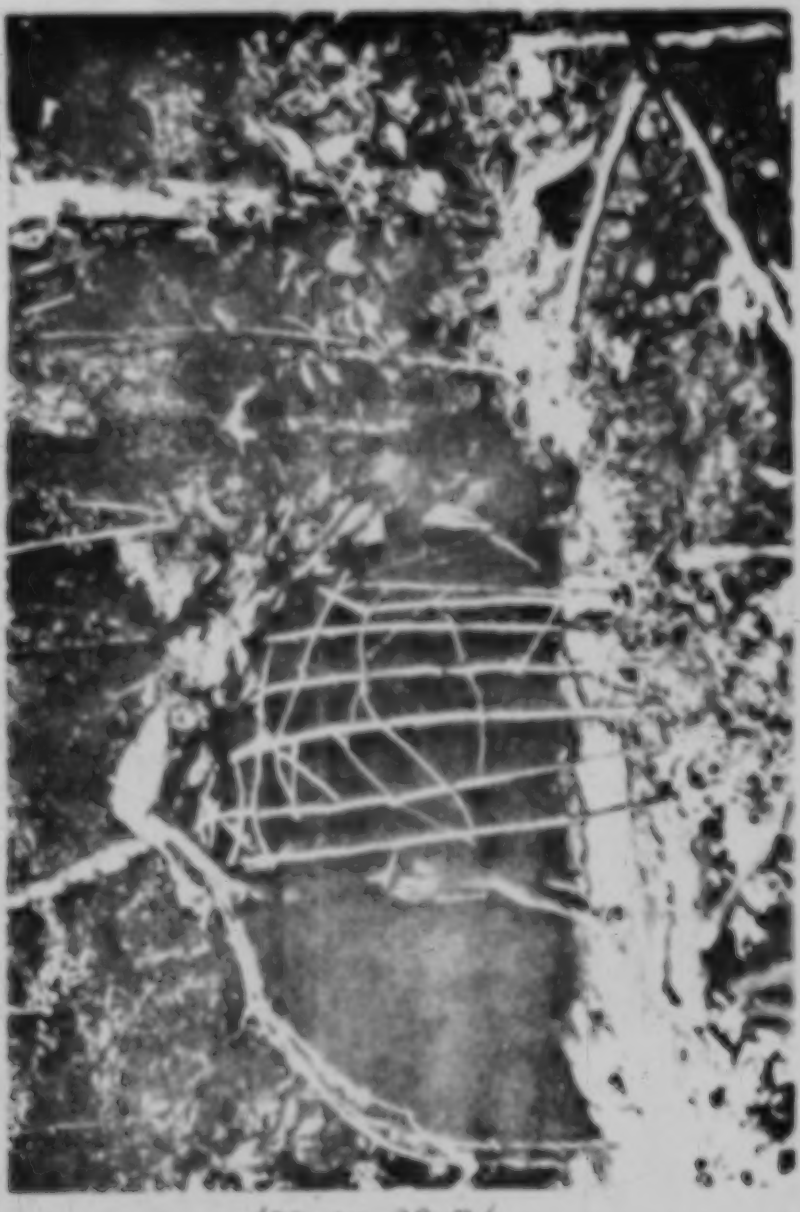

/Plate-30-B/

/Caption appears on p. 292/

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

[P 103-B]

E
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2. The village headman's *barza*, used for receiving visitors and holding public discussions.

[P.108-H]

361
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9. The Mbuti village house was never completed, and remained marked only by four posts.

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10. While in the village camp, an Mbuti mother borrows or steals many luxuries too bulky or heavy to carry with her into the forest. Of the mortar and pestle, stool, metal cooking vessels, enamel bowls and bottle of palm oil, she will probably return to the forest with only one vessel.

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

[P.108-I]

P
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11. An Mbuti hunter amuses himself in the village by playing a village-made zither.

[P. 156-C]

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[164]

19. In one of Cephu's camps, Aberi talks to his family. His wife, her face ravaged by yaws, holds their youngest child in a sling of fresh-painted bark cloth.

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

123 The Pygmies, however, did not feel bound by the custom, as it
177 was not theirs anyway, and they invited me to stay with them, know-
881 ing perfectly well that I would bring with me plenty of tobacco, palm wine, and other luxuries. I was, after all, they said, father of all the children, so I was entitled to stay. The Negroes protested, but there was nothing they could do. On the one hand they felt that I would be punished for my offense by their supernatural sanctions; on the other they themselves hoped to profit by my presence. At least I could be expected to share in the expenses, which otherwise they would have to bear, of initiating the eight Pygmy boys.

And so I entered the camp and saw the initiation through from beginning to end. It was not a particularly comfortable time, as we got very little sleep. The Pygmy fathers were not in the least interested in staying awake simply to keep their children awake and teach them nonsensical songs, so the Negroes used to make periodic raids during the night, shouting and yelling and lashing out with whips made of thorny branches, to wake everyone up. Besides that, [352] the camp was not very well built and the heavy rains used to soak the ground we slept on; only the boys, sleeping on their rough bed made of split logs, were dry. In the end we all used to climb up there and sit—there was not room for everyone to lie down—cold and miserable, waiting for the dawn to bring another daily round of exhausting singing and dancing.

123 But at the end of it all I knew something about the Pygmies, and they knew something about me, and a bond had been made between us by all the discomforts we had shared together as well as by all the fun. And when the initiation was over and we were off in the forest I learned still more. It was then that I knew for sure that much of what had been written about the Pygmies to date gave just about as false a picture as did the thirteenth-century cartographer who
181 painted them as one-legged troglodytes. In the village, or in the
199 presence of even a single Negro or European, the Pygmies behave

THE MAKING OF CAMP LELO

For an hour the others ~~lay around~~ the fire, while I was pushed into a corner, and discussed where they would go to hunt the next day and which girls they would flirt with. They poked sleepily at the fire, sending up showers of sparks and filling the hut with smoke. In all the huts around us, families were chatting among themselves in a drowsy way, and occasionally some eavesdropper shouted a suitable comment, bringing a burst of laughter from all the nearby huts. The leaf walls keep out no sound at all, and anything said in an ordinary speaking voice can be heard four or five huts away. But before long the voices got sleepier and sleepier, and finally the only sounds were the chirping of crickets, the soft swishing of the already swollen Lelo, and the quiet falsetto of Makubasi as he sat outside his hut, all alone by a blazing fire. He held his baby son on his lap, and sang a lullaby, half to himself and half to the child. He was still singing when I went to sleep.

The next morning the camp was up at dawn, and before it was properly light there was hardly a soul left about—only old Tungana, sitting where his son Makubasi had sat the night before and like his son singing to the baby on his knee. Kenge said that some of the men had gone hunting early, because they needed a lot of meat to begin the molimo festival for Balekimito and they did not want to start until they had plenty of food. The rest of the men and women were out cutting the leaves and saplings needed to finish building the camp. We went to join them, not far off. The rest of the day we spent making the simple furniture of a Pygmy household.

Sticks lashed together and bound by vine thongs to a frame make one of the most uncomfortable beds in the world. The sticks themselves are comfortable enough, but for some reason these beds are made so that each end bends sharply upward and however you lie on it the effect is worse than being in a badly slung hammock. Some Pygmies don't bother with a bed but just put the sticks on the ground and lie on them, or sleep on dry leaves. Tables are made

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

352 the same way, the frame resting on four forked sticks, but we were the only household to bother with a table. The others would build [251] them later, Kenge said, when the hunting brought in so much meat that they could spare some to dry for the villagers. Then they would build tables higher than ours, and light fires under them.

[284] Chairs were even simpler to make. Kenge cut four sticks, each about three and a half feet long, and twisted a vine thong around the middle of the bundle. He stood them on the ground, and with a turn of his hand he splayed out the ends and had a comfortable 352 seat. When you get used to this kind of chair you can even go to 516 sleep, resting your back along one stick and hooking your feet over 515 the opposite one. Pygmies, in the forest, are clean people, and they do not like sitting on the ground. Either they make these simple chairs or they sit on logs, often on the end of a log that is sticking out of a fire. If the worst comes to the worst they will pull a leaf from the roof of the nearest hut and sit daintily on that.

361 During the day more families arrived, and while they were busy 578 building their huts, those who had arrived the day before put the finishing touches to theirs. Sometimes someone would apparently have a grudge against a neighbor, or a dislike for someone who had built a hut opposite. I saw several women turning the entrances of their huts to point in different directions, toward friends or relatives. During the course of any one camp women are continually adding to their huts or changing the way they face. I found that a good [126] way of keeping track of the little jealousies that exist in any small community was to make a daily plan of the camp, noting which huts were being altered to face in which direction. I noticed that Arobanai, Ekianga's senior wife, faced her hut very deliberately away from old Sau, and that nobody was anxious to make use of the space between Sau's hut and mine to build there.

361 On the third day Ekianga arrived with Kamaikan, and they in-

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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A Pygmy camp. This one is Cephu's.

[P 72-J]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

me and finally brought us down to a swampy region, dark and dank. A stream flowed through the middle, fed by innumerable tiny rivulets from the hills all around. We picked our way across, balancing on fallen tree trunks and jumping from log to log. As we began to climb a steep hill on the far side I heard the telltale sound of bark cloth being pounded into shape, the cheerful shouting of women as they called to each other while they finished the building of their huts, and an occasional outburst of song, sung for no other reason than that this was the honey season, the season to be happy, the season to rejoice. Kenge gave a loud whoop of pleasure and darted among the trees like a young antelope, leaping and bounding out of sight. When I reached the clearing he was already sitting down, his face buried in a sticky mongongo leaf dripping with rich brown honey. He looked up and laughed.

The camp was called Apa Toangbe, the *toangbe* being a special kind of honey tree. It was built halfway up a fairly high hill, on a patch of ground that was not quite level. Masisi's house was at the highest point of the tiny clearing, with Asofalinda to one side and Maipe's mother to the other. Masamba had built a house that virtually joined onto that of Masisi. Mine was halfway up the slope on the other side, facing across to Maipe. It was all ready when we arrived, the only one completely finished. Masisi proudly led me to it and inspected it with me. He had built the bed himself, carefully refraining from turning the ends of the branches up sharply as Pygmies seem to think should be done, so that the bed becomes the shape of a hammock without any of its back-saving resilience.

It was not thirty feet from one side of the camp to the other, and the forest closed in a protective wall all around us. Kenge and I set off to see what the surrounding country was like, and soon we were far beyond the sounds of any voices other than our own. Everywhere we went we saw mushrooms and nuts and berries, and we collected